

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For the dear love that kept us through the night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway;
For the new miracle of dawning light
Flushing the east with prophecies of day,—
We thank thee, O our God.

For the fresh life that through our being flows,
With its full tide to strengthen and to bless;
For calm, sweet thoughts, upspringing from repose,
To bear to thee their song of thankfulness,—
We praise thee, O our God.

Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night
Tells of thy power and glory. So would we,
Thy children, duly, with the morning light
Or at still eve upon the bended knee,
Adore thee, O our God.

Thou know'st our needs; thy fulness will supply
Our blindness; let thy hand still lead us on,
Till, visited by the Dayspring from on high,
Our prayer, one only, "Let thy will be done,"
We breathe to thee, O God.

—*W. H. Burleigh.*

REJOICE EVERMORE.

"*Rejoice evermore.*"—1 THESS. v. 16.

This seems a simple and intelligible requisition, and yet it involves some difficulties. Why should we rejoice all the time? Are there not sad hours as well as glad ones in life? Is it suitable to rejoice at our own misfortunes or sins? Is it right to rejoice at the misfortunes or sins of others? Can we rejoice in hours of national disaster, or when the news comes of terrible accidents to our fellow-creatures? Shall we rejoice when evil triumphs and right is defeated? Shall we be glad when cunning and knavery succeed and honesty fails? Shall we be thankful when the government of the country or city is in the hands of spoilsmen, when iniquity abounds, and the love of many waxes cold? If there is a time to rejoice, is there not also a time to mourn? Why, then, should we rejoice evermore?

If, when our hearts are saddened by calamity, we try to rejoice, will it not argue levity, or unseasonable mirth? Is not seriousness an important part of life? Such are some of the difficulties which our text suggests.

And, if we could rejoice always, what good would this do? Why ought we to rejoice? Ought the disciples to have rejoiced when Jesus was being crucified? He said beforehand that then they would weep and lament, but the world would rejoice. His enemies might rejoice, but not his friends.

In short, what is the good of perpetual joy? On what ground does the apostle say here, "Rejoice evermore," and elsewhere, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice"? It is certain that the whole tone of the New Testament is the same. It teaches a religion of joy all through. Jesus begins his first sermon by declaring the poor in spirit, the meek, the pure in heart, the

sufferers, the needy, the persecuted, to be blessed. He reaches down to those who mourn and who are oppressed, and declares them to be supremely happy. The very word "gospel" means "good news." His kingdom was to bring such joy to men that it was announced by angels as giving peace to earth and being a blessing to mankind. Joy is the pervading element in the teaching of Jesus. It is a religion of trust, hope, blessed anticipation, comfort, and peace.

We must, however, see that Jesus does not teach any pure optimism in the sense of ignoring evil. Evil was to him something so real and terrible that it were better to cut off the right hand and pluck out the right eye than yield to it. He teaches us to ask every day that we shall not be led into temptation, but delivered from evil. He sees sin as a dark background, making life not gloomy indeed, but very serious. In this life evil is to be opposed constantly, untiringly, and with all our force. But, to do this, we must work in faith, not doubt; in hope, not fear. To have courage to oppose evil, we must hope to conquer it. We are soldiers, and we must fight on the side of truth, justice, goodness, against falsehood and wrong. But soldiers who have lost their courage are demoralized and are already defeated. Jesus saw all the evil, saw the power of temptation, saw that, when the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak; saw his approaching death, the disciples' desertion, the traitor's betrayal. But, below it all, he saw the foundation of rock, the great principle that God reigns, and that, therefore, truth and good must triumph. And this filled the depths of his soul with that central joy which causes the four Gospels to be full of sunshine. Many religious books are sad; many religious people are gloomy. But there is no gloom in the New Testament. It is full of good news to mankind, and bright with trust and hope.

But when Paul says, "Rejoice alway," he does not mean a constant outward expression of joy. He does not mean that we should be always smiling, always gay, forever saying, "How glad I am!" Joy, like all other Christian graces, is in the depth of the soul, not on the surface. It is being, not appearance. It is in the spirit, not the letter. Christ does not give a system of outward rules for our behavior, but gives

the spirit which shows itself in all conduct and character. To "rejoice alway," therefore, means to have the spirit of joy deep down in the soul, a current of life running below the surface. And this comes from faith in divine goodness and hope that all things will end at last in good.

If we trace this spirit of joy to its profound source in the soul, we shall find that it comes from a hope of better things in the future than we have in the present. It is the spirit of hope toward God; hope full of immortality, which rejoices in the coming glory of God; hope born of experience; hope which makes not ashamed. It is hope which inspires courage, which is the spring of progress, without which progress will never take place.

God gives to children a great stock of hope, and thus of gladness. Every day dawns to the child filled with expectation. He goes forth to his daily tasks or daily plays full of hope, and thus full of courage. He rejoices in hope.

The reformer rejoices in hope. He is ridiculed, bitterly opposed, often fails, but is never discouraged, never unhappy. It has been my fortune to know many reformers in my life, ardent philanthropists,—like Sumner, Garrison, Dr. Howe, Governor Andrew, —and all were happy men. Persecuted, they were not forsaken; cast down, they were not destroyed.

Take, as another illustration of this point, the characters of Carlyle and Emerson. These two friends differed widely intellectually, and still more in character. They had in common a supreme love of truth, a hatred of shams and insincerities, a belief in the supremacy of justice and right. The activity and difference of their intellectual tendencies were a mutual stimulus and a constant gratification. Each had a profound esteem for the other's genuine qualities. But they were counterparts in their intelligence, and supplements in character. Emerson had the keenest insight, glances which penetrated to the centre, but no method or continuity in his thought. Carlyle was a master of method, could exhaust a subject, and conquer it by logical approaches. Carlyle was a born critic, giving admirable portraits of men and things. Emerson was often wrong in his criticisms, thinking, for instance, that Shelley was no

poet. Emerson was pure, calm thought, hardly disturbed by affection or prejudice,—cold and clear as Alpine snow. Carlyle was filled with heat and prejudice, with devoted reverence for his heroes, with scorn and contempt for those who were not to his taste. But deeper than these differences were the differences in the undercurrents of their lives. Both believed in the supreme grandeur of truth and justice; but Carlyle despaired of their triumph, while Emerson never doubted for a moment that they would conquer. Hence the radical discontent of Carlyle, his permanent dissatisfaction, his savage access of contempt for his fellow-men, the impossibility he found of living in peace with himself or others. And hence the serene calm of Emerson, his cheer, his sweetness, his benign human kindliness, his modest and manly confidence in God and man. The undertone of Carlyle was sadness; that of Emerson, joy. Emerson rejoiced evermore in hope. Carlyle was made miserable because without hope.

There is no inconsistency between seriousness and joy. The most serious joys are the deepest. Such is the joy of noble struggle for good objects,—the conflict of right against wrong; the devotion of the patriot ready to die for his country; the self-sacrifice of the generous giver, whose aim is to help his neighbor. These are all serious, earnest; and they confirm the words of the wisest man of our age, who says, "Earnestness alone gives value to life."

Of all hope, that of the Christian goes down deepest and soars highest, and therefore gives the greatest joy. The gift of Jesus to mankind has been his faith in the never-failing presence of an Infinite Love. He, first of all human beings, rose to this perfect and unfailing confidence, and so has inspired the human race with this divine influence, which will continue to work till the whole race is full of the knowledge of God. This is our hope in dark hours, in bereavements, in disappointments, in the midst of temptation and evil. This is our hope when good seems conquered and wickedness triumphant. This is our hope when we ourselves fail of our duty, and fall into wrong. It is that God is still our father, helper, friend, and that all things will end in good at last. This is the hope, full of immortality, when we stand by the

cold form of our dear ones, and when we ourselves bid farewell to life. This hope is the power of progress, the secret of improvement, the motive for earnest effort to make the world better and life happier. That is why we are told to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.

The deep foundation on which hope rests is faith in goodness,—faith that God is goodness, and that therefore goodness is stronger than evil, and must at last conquer all evil. We see evil around us, and we find evil in ourselves; but, if we really have faith in God, we are sure that the Divine Goodness will conquer it. With this unshaken trust planted in the soul, we can believe that all things are working together for ultimate happiness. Therefore, we can wait,—wait peacefully and patiently for that final triumph. We find God above all things, through all things, and in all things; and so we are safe, contented, satisfied. We see life advancing around us, the world growing better, and all things alive with the spirit of progress. We see one evil after another put down. The old superstitions which filled life with terror have disappeared in the advance of science. The bitter spirit of persecution has been softened. The time has passed, and passed forever, when it was thought a duty to burn witches and heretics. In our own day we have seen the end of slavery on this Northern Continent. So we have faith that other evils are also to disappear,—war, intemperance, pauperism, and bigotry in the Church. Jesus came to give this great hope to mankind, founded on his faith in God as father and friend. This is his gift to humanity, which enables us to pray that God's kingdom may come and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven. With this trust in the depth of the heart, what will not man patiently endure? He can bear infirmity, want, bereavement, loneliness, as long as he can say, with the apostle, that he is persuaded "that neither life, nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any created thing, can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Unhappily, Christians have not always held to this high hope. They have often allowed themselves to doubt the perfect

love of the Father, and to relapse into the Paganism of the earlier ages. They have thought it a merit to be sad, and have placed religion in self-torture and ascetic denial. They have believed in dark superstitions, in the power of Satan, in a God of wrath, an everlasting hell by the side of an everlasting heaven. Thus the great hope of Christ has been darkened in human hearts. And this is why it is necessary to say, "Rejoice!" "Rejoice in hope." "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice." Rejoice always! Not merely when you are well and strong and doing right, but when the clouds of evil and wrong close around you and darken your day. Rejoice always, for God is always near; and his support will never fail. Rejoice! for it is good and right to hope; and without hope we are without God in the world.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Father, now the day is over,
As the sun sinks in the west,
Ere the night creeps slowly round us,
Ere soft slumber be our guest,
Let us bless thee that to-day
Thou, O God, hast been our stay.

Lord, we need no earthly temple;
For, where we thy love have found,
All thy humblest creatures teach us
Where we are is holy ground:
Lord, we need no holier place
Than where we thy love can trace.

For the birds and flowers we thank thee,
Who to-day our joys have shared,
Whose true hearts spread out before us
Have thy love to us declared;
For each thought of truth and love
They have echoed from above;

For the mystic band which binds us
Each to each and all to thee,
And with all the past entwines us
In the world's long harmony;
For each striving human soul
Which is part of thy great whole;

For each gift thou hast withholden
From our foolish grasping hands;
For each pang which quick has chidden
Every breach of thy commands;
For the weariness and pain
Which thou hast not sent in vain.

Pour thy spirit, Lord, upon us;
Guard us in unconscious sleep;
Be that spirit ever with us,
While death slumbers o'er us creep,
And, our life's long journey past,
We are safe with thee at last.
—*The Berwick Hymnal.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W. Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please address the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch, it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the first request.

"History Primer: Greece"; "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"; "Last Days of Pompeii"; "Grandfather's Chair," Hawthorne; "Bride of Lammermoor"; "Wee Willie Winkie," Kipling; "Concerning Isabel Carnaby"; "Tour of the World in Eighty Days," Jules Verne; "Flower Fables," L. M. Alcott; "The De Coverley Papers," Addison; "The Golden Legend," "Hyperion," Longfellow; "Macbeth"; "The Tempest"; "Historical Reader: England"; "General History," Myers; "History of our War with Spain"; "Testimony of the Rocks," Hugh Miller; "Three Hundred Decorative and Fancy Articles"; "Gems from Amiel's Journal"; "Essays in Mosaic"; "The Cricket on the Hearth"; "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers"; "Micah Clarke," Conan Doyle.

A French paper is offered by Miss M. A. Macomber, Framingham, Mass.

The following books are offered by the Springfield Branch. Address Miss Clara D. Hoar, care of Samuel Bowles, Crescent Hill, Springfield, Mass.

"Plantation Child Life"; "Primary School Dictionary"; "Rollo and Lucy"; "First Book of Poetry"; "Cranford"; "Sweet Counsel," Sarah Tytler; "Two College Girls"; "John Ward, Preacher," Mrs. Deland; "David Grieve," Mrs. Ward; "That Lass o' Lowrie's," Mrs. Burnett; "Little Books on Religion" ("The Upper Room," Ian Maclaren); "As Natural as Life," sermons by Charles G. Ames; New Testament (Revised Version); "Scripture Text-book for Each Day in the Month"; "The Ministry of Life," M. L. Charlesworth; "Donald Marcy" (boy's book), E. S. Phelps; "Five Minutes' Daily Readings of Poetry"; "Favorite Poems," O. W. Holmes; "Songs of Seven," Jean Ingelow; Keble's "Christian Year"; "The Changed Cross, and Other Poems"; Longfellow's "Poems" (1846); "Soldiers' Letters" (1865); "A Day in Ancient Rome"; "Canoe and Camera, or 200 Miles through the Maine Forests"; "A Little Pilgrim."

The following books are offered by the Brattleboro Branch. Address Mrs. George E. Foster, Brattleboro, Vermont. "The Dean's Daughter"; "Fidelis," Ada Cambridge; "Donald Ross of Heimra," William Black; "When a Man's Single"; "Major and Minor," W. E. Norris; "Doctor Cupid"; "Elaine"; "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Besant; "That Other Woman," Annie Thomas.

REQUESTS.

Dear *Cheerful Letter* Friends,—I feel I cannot thank you sufficiently for reading and cheery letters sent me since last winter. It has been the only real pleasure in my life, though I did not get all that was sent. Sometimes got letters saying certain reading was sent, and I never have received it. Then reading came with no card or letter. I regretted losing any, as I needed it. On account of this I only ask for some *Munsey Magazines*, last and this year's, and novels, "Her Dearest foe," and "The Freres," by Mrs. Alexander; "Far from the Madding Crowd." I hope dear First Church, Boston, can re-

member me once a month, and the few correspondents I have now will continue to remember me. I will be more grateful than words can express. My health is no better, and I am much alone yet; and, were it not for the reading and cheery letters, life would be dull, indeed. I have read of good work done by some societies, mostly in towns and cities, but none like *The Cheerful Letter*, brightening the lives of so many, the poor, the weary invalid, and those so far away in lonely, out-of-the-way places. (Miss) Kate A. Wirick, Lloyd, Jefferson County, Florida.

I waked this morn with a sense of something pleasant to happen to-day. Memory soon asserted itself; and I remembered *The Cheerful Letter* and its mission, whose acquaintance I made yesterday. How glad I feel that something so good has come my way! I hasten to avail myself of the noble generosity of the Book-Club of *Cheerful Letter* Exchange. I refer you to my father, Rev. G. C. N. Wingfield, Esmont, Albemarle County, Virginia, or to Rev. T. B. Gatewood, Chestnut, Virginia. I am so anxious to obtain books to take a teacher's professional course, but have not been able to purchase them. How glad I shall be if some friend will send me Fiske's "Civil Government"; Myer's "General History"; Shakspeare's "Macbeth"; Milton's "Paradise Lost," Books I. and II.; Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers," from the *Spectator*; De Quincey's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe"; "History of English Literature to the Close of the reign of Queen Anne."

This seems such a greedy list that I am ashamed to send it; and yet this isn't the half of what I want and need in the book line. Will some one please send me a child's "Life of Christ" and an "Illustrated Natural History" for my six-year-old boy, Norman Pryor? Hoping that my happy anticipations of obtaining good literature for myself and boys may be realized, and with a heart full of gratitude for those who furnish it, (Mrs.) E. W. Pryor, Chestnut, Amherst County, Virginia.

Mrs. J. M. Vannoy, Vannoy, North Carolina, asks for Greenleaf's "Spelling-book" and a "Common School Grammar."

Mrs. M. T. Hardigree, Winder, Georgia, will be glad of any reading.

Miss Minnie Rowland, Mt. Gilead, North Carolina, will be grateful for any of the following books: "Passing through the Gates," "Ministering Children," "Fashion and Fame," "Gates Ajar," by E. S. Phelps.

I have become interested in *The Cheerful Letter*, and write asking for reading for myself and my widowed mother, whose whole life has been saddened by the afflictions of her three oldest children. I am the fourth and youngest child; and since my father's sudden death, eight years ago, my life has been almost as secluded as my mother's, in helping care for the helpless children. We never attend church, and seldom see our neighbors; and I know that *Cheerful Letters* and suitable reading will bring a little ray of pleasure to our remote home, and pictures or cards would cheer the afflicted that have never learned to read.

I do hope we may be remembered by the kind friends who try to reach the lonely homes. Miss Nannie Ziglar, Dobyns, Patrick County, Virginia.

Mrs. Leora Griggs, Verano, Virginia, wishes to thank all who have remembered her, and hopes for a continuance of the kind favors.

Last June I had a nice letter from Miss Ada Arnold, or some lady, offering to send me the *Review of Reviews* every month, a little late. I wrote her in reply, and never heard from her. She was to change her name and address in July. I have lost her letter. Any friend that will give me her address I will kindly thank. I have in mind a poor invalid mother with five or six children, who is worthy of good reading matter. Her husband is in the insane asylum. I will take pleasure in conveying anything to her that is sent me for her, and will thank the giver in her name. I fervently thank any one who has sent me anything without a name. God be praised for the hours shortened pleasantly by books received from the "C. L. Club."—Mattie E. Sale, Dellaplane, North Carolina, Wilkes County.

Mrs. Minnie Minor, formerly at Oologah, Indian Territory, is now at Chelsea, Indian Territory.

The address of Mrs. Laura Vaughn is now Alluwe, Indian Territory.

THE MOTHERS' CLUB.

Send all letters and articles for this department to
Mrs. J. S. Howe, 26 Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.

THE MOTHER AND HER BOYS.

II.

Then, as the third matter, I would place unselfishness. This is a quality especially to be taught to boys. A feeling seems to grow up about a lad that he is the powerful one in life, has got to do the hard work, and so must be excused a good deal, and more indulged, and let off a good deal from small service. I think there is nothing the child learns sooner than selfishness, and often mothers help their children to be selfish. Thus very unselfish mothers often have the most selfish boys. And here I wish to say very earnestly, if you want your boy to grow up without overmuch thinking of himself, do not let him talk much about himself and do not talk about him to others when he is present. Parents are far too careless about this. Do not let your children see your callers so much as is the custom, nor bring them forward purposely to be seen and spoken to. Before a child can understand your words, he can tell that you are drawing attention to himself. Then it is not long before every word you speak about him is understood. So he finds out that he is a person of some importance, and very soon he gets to feel that it is only right and proper that he should be talked about and considered. Thus your first seeds of selfishness are sown in him. Again, remember that some children are naturally more generous than others. They do not show any propensity for hoarding or possessing things, to have them "for their very, very own," and they willingly part with them. A mother is apt to call this "generosity," and plumes herself upon the idea that her child is unselfish. But there is all the difference in the world between this sort of generosity and real unselfishness. Your "generous boy" gives one apple when he has two or a toy he does not want, when he knows he has another new and handsome one in sight. This is not unnatural or to be censured; but don't allow yourself or him to imagine that he has done an unselfish thing, and don't praise him for it. Let it pass with as little

notice as possible. Such generosity is often only a form of self-gratification. Thus I heard one of your easy-going, generous men, one of the most ready at off-hand giving talking to a friend about the hard times and the need for economizing. "But," said he, "men don't like to give up anything as long as they can get it; and, by jingo, I'll have all I want!" The truer spirit is that of the poor little girl who, in like hard times during the Lancashire cotton famine, was seen one wintry day barely clad, but happy in the possession of an old shawl which she offered to share with her little companion, saying, "Come under! I can stretch it a bit!" The true test of unselfishness for all is not what we give, but what we give up.

Fourthly I would place patriotism. A mother can do much to train her boy to be a good citizen. How can a boy have an in-born love of his country if his father and mother show no interest and no enthusiasm about its history and its laws and its good government? I think that, if the mother has it in her heart to make her boy some day faithfully do his part for his city or his country, she will begin in good time, teaching him all she can about it, making him love and respect the names of its best public men who have served it well in times past, taking an interest herself, and teaching him to take interest in the events of the day. What better way of carrying out the lessons of unselfishness in the home to unselfishness applied to patriotism? We read of older times when mothers inspired their sons, even when quite little boys, with the ambition to save their country from its foes, the boy longing for the time when he should be able to bear arms with his elders. Has our country no longer need of young men fired with as holy a zeal for her welfare, even though it has to be shown in more commonplace ways? Shall mothers no longer be ambitious that their sons when they grow up shall manfully put their hands to the work that is still to be done by true, honest, and fearless citizens? Of course, they will at first be likely to feel that the side their parents take is the right one; but do all you can to help them to look from the point of principle, and not of party. Here the father's help will come in, in teaching and interesting them, and simplifying to them what is interesting

him in city politics or the affairs of the world, and explaining this new scheme and that new enterprise or expedition. I have seen a father bring out a surprising store of geographical and historical knowledge when sitting, on a Sunday afternoon, with a good illustrated weekly paper, and two or three little lads hanging on the arm of his chair and on his knee. Now it was the launching of some great ship, now some wonderful new piece of machinery that was illustrated. Now it was some hunting scene in India, or an incident in a war going on in Europe, or the history of the changes in governments and exchanges of territory. This father was not a professional man, had not the slightest pretensions to being a great reader; but he brought out and simplified to his boys the newspaper reading of the day's events all over the world, and such knowledge of its past history as came within his own memory. He did not attempt to go far back into the past, but forty or fifty years even of his knowledge was very ancient and very useful history for his little boys. All this was an education in itself,—an education in unselfish interest in the life of peoples and countries, and altogether in the life and work of others. I have not seen this family of little boys since they became young men; but I feel pretty certain that, when I do come across them, I shall find them working for their city and never shirking public duty, some of them, perhaps, in time members of Parliament or magistrates, and this not for the sake of office or pay.

Mrs. Brooke Herford.

For the Cheerful Letter.

TWO WAYS.

There was trouble in the nursery. When Pauline's mother went in, she found Baby Roger crying wildly and Pauline regarding him with ill-suppressed satisfaction. After quiet was restored, her face still wore its half-defiant look.

"Now, Pauline," said her mother, "tell me how it happened."

"Why, it was this way," the child replied readily enough. "You see, he cries so easy you can't help making him. It's like the big rock in the pasture at grandma's. Don't you know how we gave it a poke every time we went by just to make it rock? I don't

hurt him any. I only point my finger at him."

"You make him feel unhappy and frightened," said her mother, "and that is one way of hurting him. You are four times as old as he is and ever so much bigger; and do you think you ought to tease him so?"

"But I can't help it," said Pauline. "I just can't help it. I don't mean to do it, and then I do. It's a kind of lion in me, I guess."

"Yes," said her mother, in unexpected acquiescence. "Lions do roar and frighten poor timid little animals, and I suppose they can't help it. It is their idea of a good time. It's like a cat playing with a mouse."

"Yes," said Pauline, quickly, delighted to be so readily understood.

"Or like a cat with some frightened little bird," pursued her mother.

"Ye—e—s," murmured Pauline, doubtfully.

"Well," said her mother, slowly, "of course, if there is a kind of wild animal in you, and you can't help it, it's quite a serious matter. I couldn't think of letting you go around loose as you have been doing, because something dreadful might happen. I'm sorry, as sorry as I can be; but I think you'll have to live in a cage for a while. There's my little sewing-room back of the hall. It's big enough to move around in, so you won't have the cramp, as I should think some of the circus lions might. I'll come and talk to you when I can, but I shall have to chain you up with Fido's leash and give you a tin plate through the window at feeding-time."

This sounded rather amusing, and Pauline, whose conscience showed signs of waking up, eagerly seized upon the idea.

"Oh, yes!" she said; "and the baby's gate will do for bars."

"No, indeed," said her mother. "The lion might get out over the top, and I shouldn't be easy a minute. I shall have to close the door; but I won't forget about you, and the window is open. Now in you go, Mr. Lion; and, when it's feeding-time, I'll bring you something to eat."

"Can't I have a book?" asked Pauline, regarding the clanking little leash with some dismay. "I'd like that new picture-book with the red cover."

"Oh, dear, no!" said her mother, briskly. "Whoever heard of a lion with a picture-book! No, you must pace back and forth in your cage, and now and then you can give a low growl. But you mustn't growl too much, or I shall have to shorten your chain, and then you will get very tired."

"How long must I stay?" Pauline was looking about her cage dubiously.

"I can't tell, of course," said her mother. "It takes longer to tame some animals than others."

"How shall you know when I'm tame?" asked the child, clinging to her mother's skirts as she was about to leave the room.

"Oh, you'll know," said her mother, cheerfully. "As long as you feel you can't help it, you are wild; but when you know you can help it, and are willing to say that you will help it, then you will be tame. It takes a good while sometimes. I shan't be discouraged for a long time yet." And, before Pauline knew what had happened, the door was shut and her mother was gone.

At first she faced the situation with some relish.

"I suppose this is a kind of punishment," she meditated, "but I don't care. I'm going to be wild as long as I want to. It's fun to be in a cage and growl."

But by and by her throat felt scraped and sore, and the growling didn't sound right. It was stupid having nothing else to do. The fascinating wheels of the sewing-machine were out of reach of her leash. She looked at the little nickel clock,—not that she could tell time, but to see how fast the hands moved. She could hardly see that they changed place at all.

"I guess I'll lie down on the floor," said Pauline, "and play go to sleep."

When she woke up, the house was very still, and she was hungry. She felt stiff and uncomfortable, and the links of the chain had made a red place on her arm where she had lain upon them. But she was not of the kind to give in quickly.

"Lions don't cry," she said to herself. "They roar when they're hungry."

So a marvellous roaring went up from the sewing-room, and presently mother appeared at the window with a shining tin plate of sandwiches and a yellow banana.

"Well," she said brightly, "how is the lion after his nap?"

"Pretty well," said Pauline. "He's just as wild as ever, though."

"Dear me!" said mother. "I'm almost afraid to push up the screen."

"Oh, he wouldn't bite *you*, mother, dear," said Pauline, hunger getting the better of her resolves. "And is that all the dinner I can have?"

"Lions not being able to use a knife and fork," remarked her mother impersonally, "I couldn't give you any of our dinner. But perhaps by supper time you will be tame."

The lion paused in the middle of a sandwich. But no he was not yet ready to surrender.

"I miss Pauline a good deal," mother went on, "and so does Roger. He is just coming out to play here under the trees, and you can see how cunning he is."

Sure enough, Roger had his sand-spoon and pail. Pauline reflected that she had planned to show him how to make a sand pie that very afternoon.

The sunshine was bright on the grass, and the baby trudged about cheerfully for what seemed to Pauline a great many hours. It grew warm in the cage, and the breeze that rustled the leaves failed to find its way in. The lion growled frequently, but Roger was too happy and busy to notice. Mother had brought out her sewing, and the two looked very contented and comfortable. Pauline felt strangely shut out.

At last the baby spied her dreary little face pressed against the screen.

"Me wants my Polly," he called lustily, casting down his spoon and running toward her. Mamma came over to the window.

"He doesn't understand how wild you are," she said softly. "Shall I try to tell him?"

"I don't know," said Pauline.

"You don't suppose it would be safe to let you out, do you?" asked her mother.

"I think I'm tamer than I was," said Pauline. "I'm pretty sure I'm as tame as tame can be, and this day has been about a hundred hours long. Mother, dear, may I give you one little tame hug? And isn't Roger the dearest baby you ever saw? And, oh, isn't it *good* to be out of doors again!"

The Wrong Way.

THE OTHER MOTHER (*speaking*): You naughty girl! Now you've made the baby cry, and I've had to come all the way up-

stairs. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You come right out of the nursery this minute. I'm going to lock you up in the sewing-room till after dinner. If you touch the machine, I'll punish you. I should think you *would* cry. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, hurting a little fellow like him; and Bridget says he wasn't doing a thing! No, you needn't say a word. I don't want to hear any excuses. There can't be any excuse for what you've done.

You can't have your books or your dolls, or any of our nice dinner. And I shan't come near you till you'll say you'll be a good girl. And I shall tell your father all about it the minute he comes home. I shouldn't wonder if *he* punished you, too. What is that you say? You *didn't* hurt the baby? What is he crying about, then? I don't see why you can't be as good a child as Pauline is. I'm sure I'm as strict with you as her mother is with her, but there's no use in trying to make some children better. The more you punish them, the worse they are.

M. A. L. L.

NATURAL HISTORY:

WATER STARWORT AND ITS GUEST.

Judging from its name, should you not expect the water Starwort to have starry white blossoms? Whereas it is rather difficult to see that it has any blossoms at all, the meagre little flower consisting either of one solitary stamen or of a stamen and pistil, without any calyx or corolla. The "star" is green, and composed of the cluster of upper leaves, which float on the surface of the water, radiating from each other in quite a stellate manner. These leaves are usually rounded at the end and narrowed toward the base, while those which grow lower down on the stem and under the water are long and narrow. But like most water plants its foliage is very variable. Sometimes all the leaves are rounded, and sometimes all narrow; and I have just found some which had the leaves at the ends of the branches narrow and those below round. This plant is common in ditches, pools, and slow streams, and often forms beautiful masses of a very bright fresh green color.

But fond as I am of this pretty plant on its own account, and also because it thrives

well in an aquarium, it has other claims to my regard. I frequently find upon it one of my favorite caddis-worms, a charming little creature which I call "Undine," as I am unable to learn its scientific name. The delicate case is a straight tube, sometimes as much as an inch long, about a sixteenth of an inch across at the head end and tapering to a point at the other. The case is of this shape while the larva is growing; but, when it is full grown, the case is usually shorter, not over half an inch long, and evenly cylindrical. During the quiescent period each end of the case is closed with a snug-fitting disc, which has a small round hole in the centre.

The larva feeds upon the Starwort and other water plants, and also uses them for the construction of its case. It bites off tiny pieces of the leaves, not over an eighth of an inch long and quite narrow, and arranges them side by side in a spiral which winds indifferently either to the right or left, the direction continuing the same in the same case. In a case one inch long there are eleven turns to the spiral.

This small water nymph has one accomplishment not possessed by many other caddis-worms,—it can swim! While swimming, the case is held in an oblique position, and the head and slender hind legs are protruded from its upper end, the legs being used as oars. It is very easy to keep the "Undine" alive in an aquarium, and to rear the perfect insect, which is a dainty little creature, yellowish in color, softly shaded with brown, and having very long hairlike antennæ.

Cora H. Clarke.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Contributions to this column should be sent to Miss K. C. Porter, 22 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.]

I.

I am composed of 93 letters and am a famous toast given at Norfolk by a distinguished naval officer who was killed in a duel in 1820.

My 89, 41, 8, 49, is a proposition.

My 22, 73, 33, is belonging to us.

My 53, 15, 46, 65, 29, 85, is a spectre.

My 57, 70, 1, 10, is a float.

My 25, 59, 3, is a term used in addressing a gentleman.

My 13, 76, 48, 19, is stockings.

My 68, 83, 26, is to fasten.

My 75, 5, 81, is bashful.

My 62, 91, 6, 80, is a division of time.

My 69, 23, 44, 55, is restless.

My 27, 35, 37, 18, 50, 90, is the name of a season.

My 67, 63, 92, 88, 47, is the Christian name of a famous American poet.

My 31, 28, 20, 58, is a conflagration.

My 30, 72, 82, 24, 32, 64, is intense dread.

My 4, 51, 17, 12, 42, 60, is a military engine.

My 9, 34, 93, 16, 45, 14, 78, 86, is a body of men commanded by a colonel.

My 40, 2, 74, 38, 21, 87, 54, 71, 56, are renegades.

My 36, 39, 61, 79, 52, 11, 7, 66, 84, 77, 43, is a machine gun that can fire two hundred shots a minute.

(St. Nicholas.)

II.

Charade.

My dear, this whole I send to you,

A token of my friendship true.

I trust you'll first it,—hold it fast,—

And prize it if but for my last.

(St. Nicholas.)

III.

Buried Quadrupeds.

1. If you will give me the broken seal, pa can replace it, I am sure.

2. It would certainly be a very good idea to do so, Ethel.

3. The little black cub is only waiting for a chance to hit you.

4. I will not give her mine.

5. At the sound of the familiar tap, I ran to the window.

6. Did you call Jack a lazy boy?

(St. Nicholas.)

IV.

Defective Proverb.

Thxt lxxd bxcx mxs lght, thxt xs chxxr-
filly bxxux.

(St. Nicholas.)

V.

Anagrams.

Articles of clothing.

1. Cora votes.

2. Sanoo plant.

3. Rose rust.

4. It was a cot.

5. We mark nets.

6. Sole piano.

7. Aqualr.

(St. Nicholas.)

VI.

Fill the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. It is better to — than to — too positively without sufficient proof.

2. She was the — of the — child.

3. The children took a — to the village to visit their —.

4. The boys made a great — in the — room.

5. The — went to — her, in her preparations.

6. She took off the — and turned it — to the other side.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

Conundrums.

When a colored waiter drops a platter of roasted turkey, why does it create a great continental disaster?

What was the difference between Noah's ark and Joan of Arc?

What is that which goes round the house, round the house, round the garden, and makes but one track?

Why is a false friend like the letter P?

Answers to Puzzles in October Number.

I.

Numerical Enigma.—1, 9, 2, 3, ale; 7, 4, 5, tops; 1, 6, 8, car. Whole, Cleopatra.

2. Chin, amen.

II.

Esther, Molest her; Theresa, There sat; Ada, A damsel; Nora, No ray; Ernesta, sternest age.

III.

Light cares speak, great ones are dumb.

IV.

1. Drab, barb. 4. Yard, dray.

2. Reed, deer. 5. Keel, leek.

3. Door, rood. 6. Loop, pool.

7. Room, moor.

V.

Goosander — Goos(e-g)ander.

Conundrums.

1. A fence.

2. Too much hot stake.

3. Knee high miah (Nehemiah). Bildad the shoe-height (Shuhite).

4. Pull her tail.

5. Nothing.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Miss Lyssa Lasley, Stuart, Virginia, to Gideon, Stokes County, North Carolina.

Mrs. Joseph Shaw, Moes River, Province Quebec, to Johnville, Province Quebec, Canada.

Mr. L. H. Kirby, Kendall, North Carolina, to Raleigh, North Carolina.

Mrs. Lila Kay, Blackfoot, to Tennessee Colony, Anderson County, North Carolina.

Mrs. E. O. Taylor, Royalston, Mass., to Middlebury, Vermont.

Mrs. N. A. Beach, Santa Monica, to Ocean Park, California.

Mrs. Melia Grimsley, Byrdstown, to Cullen House, Celina, Tennessee.

Mrs. Albert Thompson, Dexter, Maine, to Owen, Maine.

Mr. William M. Giles, Cold Spring, Missouri, to Tedrick, Douglas County, Missouri.

Mrs. Florence Reynolds, Franklinville, to Cadiz, N.Y.

Mrs. M. D. Anderson, Ephesus, to Mrs. Mary Bosch, Gold Hill, North Carolina.

Mrs. W. F. James, Velasco, to Bazette, Texas.

Mrs. Mary B. Keech, Calmar, Iowa, to Hull, Iowa.

Miss Bessie Dudley, Redhill, Virginia, to Mrs. John H. Gay, Potts, Amherst County, Virginia.

Miss Delia A. Sowers to Mrs. Delia A. Brown, Heareford, North Carolina.

Miss Grace B. Smith to Mrs. Grace Edwards, New London, North Carolina.

LETTERS.

FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA.

A chaplain will be appointed to fill the vacancy caused by my retirement, but there is no probability of his being sent here. There are but 57 chaplains to be scattered around among 600 or 700 army posts. The new man will probably be sent to the Philippines. It is quite probable that there will be no chaplain to be my successor at Fort Sill. The need of a chaplain here is not so great since the opening of this Indian country. The near town of Lawton, only five miles away, since August 6, has

got to be a place of some 10,000 people,—a wonderful thing.

Reading matter sent to the post adjutant, marked "For the Soldiers," would probably reach them all right.

Yours sincerely,

B. C. HAMMOND,
Chaplain U.S.A.

Cheerful Letter Friends,—My address is for some time to be Waco, Texas, 1603 S. 4th Street; and all who may address me shall have a reply from above address. I now acknowledge the receipt of many valuable books during the summer. I am once again a student in Baylor University. May God's richest blessings rest on all *Cheerful Letter* friends!

Respectfully,
NEWTON M. TALBOT.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on

subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The address of our treasurer for the winter months is Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden Street, Brookline, Mass.

There will be a meeting of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* on Friday, December 6, at 25 Beacon Street, 10.30 A.M. All interested in this work, whether members or not, are cordially invited.

The editor thanks cordially the friend who sent her the numbers of *The Cheerful Letter*. She would be very glad to receive one or two more copies of November, 1895 and 1896. Address directly Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

It is contrary to the rules of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden Street, Brookline, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.